That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, Ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Falſtoffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they ſay there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fall. Away I ſay, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. *Broome?* Maſter *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broome*) as you ſee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Maſter *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that ſame knaue (*Ford* hir husband) hath the fineſt mad diuell of ſealouſie in him (Maſter *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frenſie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of Man (Maſter *Broome*) I feare] not Goliah with a Weauers beame, becauſe I know alſo, life is a Shuttle) I am in haſt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Maſter *Broome*:) ſince I pluckt Geeſe, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you ſtrange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtraunge things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſon *Slender*, my

Slen. I forſooth, I haue ſpoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we ſhal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Miſt. Page, Miſt. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two muſt go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Miſt Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Miſt. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Miſt. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſt. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſt. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Miſt. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Miſt. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery.

Miſt. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The Windſor-bell hath ſtroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods aſſiſt me: Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſom other, a Man a beaſt. You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O omnipotent

omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn?* Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfits, and ſnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere.

M. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd, Leaſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windſor-chimnies ſhalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths vnſwept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die,
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes muſt eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede?* Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie,
Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancie,
But thoſe as ſleepe, and thinke not on their ſins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſides, & ſhins.

Qu. About, about:
Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery ſacred roome,
That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome,
In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeu'rall Creſt,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſing
Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring,
Th'expreſſure that it beares: Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee:
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Kn
Fairies vſe Flowres for t
Away, diſperſe: But till
Our Dance of Cuſtome,
Of *Herne* the Hunter, le

Euan. Pray you lock h
And twenty glow-worm
To guide our Meaſure r
But ſtay, I ſmell a man o

Fal. Heauens defend
Leaſt he transforme me t

Piſt. Vilde worme, t
birth.

Qu. With Triall-fir
If he be chaſte, the flame
And turne him to no pai
It is the fleſh of a corrup

Piſt. A triall, come.

Eua. Come: will this

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corru
About him (Fairies) ſing
And as you trip, ſtill pin

T
Fie on ſinnefull phantaſie:
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, ki
Fed in heart whoſe
As thoughts do b
Pinch him (Fairies) mutu
Pinch him, and bu
Till Candles, & S

Page. Nay do not fly
now: VVill none but
turne?

M. Page. I pray you
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) h
See you theſe husband?
Become the Forreſt bet

Ford. Now Sir, who
Mr *Broome*, *Falſtaffes* a K
Heere are his hornes Ma
And Maſter *Broome*, he
but his Buck-basket, hi
money, which muſt be p
arreſted for it, Mr *Broom*

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, w
neuer meete: I will neue
but I will alwayes count

Fal. I do begin to p

Ford. I, and an Oxe
tant.

Fal. And theſe are n
I was three or foure tim
Fairies, and yet the guil
ſurprize of my powers,
pery into a receiu'd bel
all rime and reaſon, tha
how wit may be made a
imployment.

Euan. Sir *Iohn Falſ*
deſires, and Fairies will

Ford. VVell ſaid Fa

Euans. And leaue y
you.

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